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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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DECEMBER, 1817.

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A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE, DEATH, AND FUNERAL,  
OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE  
*PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA.*

**T**HE sudden, unexpected, and melancholy death of the only presumptive Heiress to the Crown of England in direct succession (after being delivered of a still-born son,) in the bloom of youth and beauty, in the height of her happiness, in the midst of conjugal endearments, beloved and respected, with the prospect of attaining the pinnacle of human greatness, has excited a general sentiment of sympathy and sorrow throughout the country; absorbed every other consideration; and for a time exclusively fixed our attention upon the character of the illustrious victim, and the future consequences of her loss.

What can be more impressive than the stroke of death, when it thus prematurely falls on an individual in the most elevated rank in society? The mind is struck with unusual awe and solemnity; and after meditating intensely on the frailty of its own existence, and the instability of human affairs, it turns with more than ordinary regret to the contemplation of the unbounded power that was within the reach of this exalted personage, and the many instances she gave of a disposition to wield it to the advantage of others. Nor, when the extensive influence of such a character is consi-

dered, whether as to her example in private life, or as to the actual good that she might have accomplished in public, by attending to the voice of her people, and resisting the oppression and injustice of those to whom she had delegated her power, can the probable good that might have resulted from her lengthened existence, or the possible evil that may accrue from her premature death, be viewed with indifference, nor without deploring her death as a national calamity!

From all concurrent testimonies, the Princess was well informed and accomplished; not ostentatious or affected in her dress or manners; condescending to those in an inferior station; kind and indulgent to her dependants; performing many acts of charity in the vicinity of her residence; and in every trait that is recorded of her, evincing a candour, an unaffectedness, a benevolence, an energy and decision of character, united with so much conciliation, cheerfulness, and vivacity, that endeared her to all who came within the sphere of her notice, and peculiarly marked her as fitted for the high station she was destined to fill, and for wearing the diadem suspended over her head.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte Augusta was the only daughter and offspring of George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Regent of the United Kingdom, by Caroline Matilda of Brunswick, now Princess of Wales, whom he married in great magnificence at St. James's Chapel Royal, on the evening of the 6th of April, 1795. The Princess Charlotte was born between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, on the 7th of January, 1796, at Carlton-House; the Cabinet-ministers and several personages of distinction being present. Three weeks after her birth, however, His Royal Highness, in a most extraordinary manner, dismissed his establishment; and excused himself on this account for declining to receive an address of congratulation on the happy event from the City of London. This was only the precursor of the rupture between the Prince and Princess of Wales, which afterwards terminated in their complete estrangement and separation.

In the early part of her life, the Princess Charlotte had no other instructor than her royal mother; but when of an

age to commence her studies, His Majesty appointed the Bishop of Exeter to be her private tutor; and the Princess was taken from the superintendence of her parent; and placed under Lady De Clifford, as her governess. When Her Royal Highness arrived at maturity, Lady De Clifford was superseded by the Duchess Dowager of Leeds.

Under the tuition of Bishop Fisher, and his sub-preceptor, the Rev. Dr. Nott, the Princess continued to study for many years with unabated ardour and uncommon success; and laid the foundation of every solid and useful acquirement in languages, ethics, and religion. She is said to have applied herself with so much industry that she had read the principal writers of the classic languages; was well acquainted with the constitution and history of her native country; and had some knowledge of the history and policy of the European Governments. She understood the French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages. Lighter accomplishments were not neglected; and she performed, accompanied by her own voice, on the piano, the harp, and the guitar, with more than ordinary skill; her voice, though not powerful, was sweet; and modulated with so much science as to display an excellent ear and a brilliant execution. His Majesty used to delight in hearing her play on the piano; and she requited his notice with her artless smiles, and the endeavours she made to excel. The powers of her mind were various; her taste correct and elegant; and, to her talent for music, she united a fine perception of the picturesque in nature; and a portion of her time was given up to drawing. She wrote in a pleasing and graceful style; and was a great admirer of English poetry.

Her Royal Highness was daily improving in her acquisitions of knowledge and various accomplishments, confirming the opinion entertained of her superior abilities, and giving every satisfaction to her august mother; when, in the year 1812, the unfortunate interdict, from a difference between her royal parents, which had restricted her from seeing the Princess of Wales more than once a week, was now limited to once a fortnight. The Princess Caroline remonstrated on the ceaseless care that was taken to intercept all



communication with her daughter; and in answer was informed, that the Prince had removed their daughter to Windsor, and had limited the time of seeing her to once a fortnight, in order that less interruption might happen to her studies by frequently journeying to town.

This was a vexatious circumstance to the young Princess; and a succeeding event will prove how much her feelings were hurt by this restraint, and the happiness of many a youthful hour, obscured by her sad, though brilliant destiny. On the 8th of February, previous to the fête at Carlton-House, the Princess Charlotte came to town, and resided at Warwick-House, where, being much indisposed, her royal mother signified her intention of visiting her; but was not permitted to see her then, nor on the Thursday following, February 11th, at Kensington Palace, as had been announced to her. Her Royal Highness wrote to Lord Liverpool on the subject, who explained, that in consequence of the publication of her letter, his Royal Highness thought fit to signify his commands, that the intended visit should not take place. From this time, the Princess Charlotte had a separate establishment at Warwick House.

The 18th anniversary of her Royal Highness's birth-day, on which she was declared to be of age, was observed with unusual ceremony; and after receiving the congratulations of the nobility, personages of distinction, and private friends, the Princess Charlotte visited her mother, the Princess of Wales, at Connaught Place; where they had a most affectionate interview.

The animosity between the Prince and Princess of Wales had at this time risen to its height; and as a letter from the Queen declared the Prince Regent's unalterable determination never to meet the Princess of Wales, upon any occasion, either in public or private, and an intimation that it was therefore impossible for her Majesty to receive her Royal Highness at the Drawing Rooms; the Princess of Wales wrote a letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons; and requested him to communicate its contents to Parliament; but the House declined all interference, as only likely to irritate the Prince, and not bring about a reconciliation; they however



formed themselves into a Committee, and voted an allowance of £50,000 per annum to the Princess of Wales, during her life. The consequence was, that, on the 12th of July, 1814, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, without any previous notice, dismissed Mrs. Knight and all the Princess Charlotte's household and attendants, and informed her Royal Highness, that she must forthwith take up her residence in Carlton House; and from thence proceed to Cranford Lodge; and that the Countess Dowager of Rosslyn, the Countess of Ilchester, the two Miss Coateses, and Mrs. Campbell, were in the next room in readiness to wait upon her; and that she was to be under their sole superintendence; and not to be permitted to receive either visits or letters.

Her Royal Highness gave her seeming acquiescence, but, watching a favourable opportunity, she effected her escape into the street, and running to Charing Cross, hired a hackney coach, drove quickly to Connaught House; and actually gave the man three guineas for his fare. On finding that the Princess of Wales was at Blackheath, it at first occurred to her to proceed thither; and, in a most earnest tone, she said, "Coachman, will you protect me?" The man immediately replied, "Aye, madam, to the last drop of my blood."

As soon as her elopement was made known, the Duke of York and Mr. Brougham followed her to Connaught House, and assured her Royal Highness, that she should not be treated with the severity that had been threatened, and she consented to return. She was received by her royal father in a kind and conciliating manner, and in the evening had a long and affecting interview with him.

The prohibitions that prevented the Princess Charlotte meeting the Princess of Wales but at stated periods, added so much to the poignancy of her mother's feelings, together with the neglect she experienced in not being permitted to appear at Court, on the visit of the Royal Sovereigns; that she left England, and departed for the continent on the 9th August, 1814.

On the 7th January, 1816, the Princess Charlotte completed her nineteenth year, and her birth-day was observed for the first time at Windsor; where she had the pleasure to receive the congratulations of the nobility, her royal aunts, and the Queen. And on the 18th May, in the same year, the Princess Charlotte was presented for the first time at the Queen's drawing-room. On quitting the Palace, the Prince of Orange handed the Princess Charlotte to her carriage.

The Prince of Orange had been educated at the university of Oxford, and destined by the Royal Family to be the Princess Charlotte's consort; but she had an unconquerable aversion to him; and though on all occasions she did justice to his character, she twice refused his offers, notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances from high authorities.

While the Princess Charlotte resided on the coast for the recovery of her health, impaired, there is too much reason to believe, by her unfortunate situation, and the pressing importunities alluded to, a striking instance occurred of the characteristic firmness, candour, and unaffectedness of her mind and disposition, that is very creditable to both, and shews what might have been expected from her after-life. Being one day at sea in her yacht, Her Royal Highness expressed a wish to go on board the Leviathan of seventy-four guns; to which her aged preceptor, the Bishop of Salisbury, objected, stating, that her illustrious father might not approve of her exposing herself in an open boat on a rough sea. She immediately answered, "Queen Elizabeth took great delight in her navy, and was not afraid to go on board a man of war in an open boat; then why should I? Pray, Captain Nixon, have the goodness to receive me in your barge, and let me be rowed on board the Leviathan; for I am not only desirous, but determined to inspect her." When the Princess came along-side the Leviathan, a chair of state was let down, which she desired to be *hoisted*; as, she said, "I prefer going up in the manner that a seaman does; you, Captain Nixon, will kindly follow me. Take care of my clothes;

and, when I am on deck, the chair may be let down for the other ladies and the bishop." This was no sooner said than done; and the Princess ascended with a facility that astonished the whole crew. Her Royal Highness did not confine herself to the state-cabin; but inspected every part of the ship; and, astonished at the extent and strength of the ship, exclaimed "Well may such noble structures be called the *Wooden Walls of Old England*!" The usual forms were observed; she thanked Captain Nixon and Officers in the most gracious manner, assuring them, that they had afforded her an exhibition of more interest to her mind than she had ever beheld; and, having presented a purse for the seamen, she descended as she rose, under a royal salute, and amid the loud cheers of the gallant and delighted crew.

It may well be supposed that the cruel situation of her august and injured mother, her own separation from her, and the restraints which it was thought necessary to impose on her inclinations and conduct, must have often tended to disturb her peace, and greatly to affect her spirits; but an event soon after occurred to console her feelings, and repair her loss, by giving her fresh hopes, prospects, and enjoyments; this was no other than an offer of marriage from his Serene Highness the Prince of Saxe Coburg, who had visited the Royal Family of this country in company with the Royal Party in the summer of 1814, at the conclusion of the late war, and was the bearer of a letter from the late Duke of Brunswick Oels to his cousin the Princess Charlotte; thus affording her an opportunity which rarely occurs to personages of her exalted rank and station, of knowing him personally and intimately before she contracted a closer acquaintance. His pleasing manners first attracted the notice of her Royal Highness, and procured him an invitation, with the entire concurrence of the ladies of her establishment, to repeat his visits as a tea-table companion at Warwick-House. As soon as Prince Leopold perceived that he had made an impression on the Princess, he waited upon the Prince Regent; and, in the most delicate, yet candid manner, stated his circumstances; and that, proud



as he should be of such an illustrious alliance, if his Royal Highness did not approve of the prosecution of his honourable suit, he would instantly quit the country. The Prince Regent gave his sanction to the formal addresses of Prince Leopold; and from that moment, they were freely admitted to each other's society; and their mutual attachment daily increased.

Prince Leopold left England with the other distinguished visitors; but in less than eighteen months, during which period an epistolary correspondence was carried on, received an invitation to come over again, and accept her Royal Highness's hand. He landed at Dover on Tuesday the 20th of February, at eleven at night; and arrived at the Clarendon Hotel, Bond Street, on the following day, being only three weeks and three days travelling from Berlin to London.

The Princess Charlotte was married on the 2nd of May, 1816, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with much splendour, in the great crimson room at Carlton House. They passed the honey-moon at Oatlands, the seat of the Duke of York, in complete retirement, and with few attendants. An income of £.50,000 per annum was settled upon them jointly; and for the life of the survivor; and a separate income of £.10,000 per annum, independent of the controul of her husband, was settled on the Princess Charlotte. £.60,000 were voted them as an out-fit; and Claremont was purchased for their residence.

This marriage, concluded with so great a prospect of felicity to the happy pair, was hailed by the nation as a propitious occurrence, and ominous of future good;—but, to exemplify by what a frail tenure all mortal possessions are held, and at once to check the pride, the vanity, and presumption of man; the hopes and expectations of the Royal Family and the Nation have been by one stroke of fate destroyed. This happy union promised a descendant in the first year; and the Princess, after a long and painful labour, (the particulars of which, are given as under,) brought into the world a still-born son, and in less than six hours after, expired herself; thus leaving the Prince, her father,

with a barren sceptre in his hands; bereft of his only child, the heir-apparent of his crown, and the infant that should have succeeded her; and the nation deprived of their most anxious hope, of that object whose amiable character they almost idolized; and under whose future reign they promised felicity to themselves or their posterity! This melancholy event has crossed the line of succession; and, though it will fall to the next Royal Brother, the expectations of the country are greatly disappointed.

On Monday the 3rd instant, her Royal Highness first showed the usual symptoms of indisposition. Dr. Baillie and Dr. Croft were the medical attendants. During the whole of Tuesday, the labour advanced slowly, but without any appearance of danger. Towards evening, it was deemed advisable to send for Dr. Sims, who arrived in the middle of the night. At six on Wednesday evening, the throes of child-birth had become more decisive; and the child was then, and, it is said, even up to a few minutes before its birth, ascertained to be living; and, on delivery, was found to be a perfect fine-formed male infant. During this trying scene, and throughout the whole of her tedious labour, the Princess maintained the utmost firmness and expressed the most pious resignation; and after the birth, her Royal Highness appeared so tranquil and composed, that, between twelve and one, the medical gentlemen retired to rest. The Cabinet Ministers also had left Claremont soon after eleven o'clock, but were afterwards recalled. The first symptom of approaching danger is said to have discovered itself on some gruel being presented to her, which she found a difficulty in swallowing; severe chills and spasms succeeded. The physicians were called up, but their assistance was vain. For the last half-hour, the spasms subsided; she sunk into calm composure, nearly speechless, but apparently not insensible; and at half past two o'clock, she was no more. His Serene Highness the Prince of Saxe-Coburg felt all the anxieties natural to an affectionate husband, during the whole labour. On the report, that the Princess was "doing well," he consoled

himself for the loss of the child, and retired to rest in the adjoining chamber, and was among the first who attended the summons on the fresh appearances of indisposition. He remained by the bed-side the whole time, endeavouring, as much as possible, to disguise from his suffering consort the grief and agony he felt at the unexpected turn that had taken place. Her Royal Highness, it is said, scarcely ever moved her eyes from the face of her beloved partner, extending her hand frequently to meet his—that hand which was, in one short hour, to be cold, insensible, and lifeless. About five minutes before her death, the Princess said to the medical attendants, “Is there any danger?” they requested her Royal Highness to compose herself; and shortly after she breathed a gentle sigh, and expired.

Prince Leopold has ever since appeared like a man bereft of all comfort, and the agony of his mind will not allow him to take his needful rest. It is stated, that “the most inconsiderable articles once possessed by the lamented Princess, are endeared to him by the fondest recollections. Hence her bonnet and the cloak she wore in her last pedestrian excursion with him, are kept constantly before his eyes. They were hung by her dear hands upon a screen in the sitting-parlour, and there they have remained ever since; nor will the Prince either allow them to be removed, or any person whatever to touch them. Her Royal Highness’s watch also remains on the mantle-piece in precisely the same situation in which she herself placed it.”

How much and how truly his heart feels upon this mournful occasion may be further gleaned from the circumstance that he declined the considerate offer of the Prince Regent, to exchange the scene of his affliction for an abode in Carlton House, and preferred remaining at Claremont to indulge his sorrow, rather than seeking to escape from it.

The Princess was about the middle size, inclining rather to the *embonpoint*, but not so much so as to impair the symmetry of her form. Her complexion was beautifully fair, her arms delicately rounded, and her head finely placed. There was a mingled sweetness and dignity in her look; a full, intelligent eye; and when she was engaged in



familiar conversation, much liveliness in the expression of her countenance. The resemblance to her illustrious father was striking.

Her Royal Highness's manners were dignified, yet blended with great affability; she was very attentive to the wants and comforts of her servants; and gave her commands with so much good-nature, that they were always promptly and cheerfully attended to. Since her marriage, all the domestics who were upon her establishment at Warwick-House, had been recalled to resume their former stations; and when vacancies have occurred, she has always paid the strictest attention to promote those in subordinate situations whose merit entitled them to that preference. She used to take delight in accompanying her illustrious consort in his study of the English language, and assisted him so much, that he has been able to read our best writers upon history and jurisprudence. She was of religious habits, and a strict observer of the Sabbath, as well as the Prince, who regularly read to her after the Church Service, one of our best English sermons. She looked up to her husband with the most perfect affection and respect. The youthful pair lived in a retired, domestic, and happy manner. The morning was usually passed in riding or walking out together, or in the rural pastime of attending to the cultivation of their garden; these innocent recreations ended, they returned to dinner, and their evenings were devoted to reading or music.

From the contemplation of such a character, we turn with feelings of pain and humiliation to remark, that, notwithstanding the inestimable importance attached, in every possible point of view, to the existence of herself and infant, neither at the juncture of her illness, nor even at her death, was a single relative near her besides her husband. The Queen had just gone to Bath; the Princesses were of course somewhere, but *not* at Claremont, nor we believe in its vicinity; and the Regent himself, had been for a week or ten days on a shooting party at the Marchioness of Hertford's seat in Suffolk; from whence he hastened to town on being apprised by a courier of his daughter's indisposition, and arrived just in time to hear that she and

her child were dead. On the Friday following, the Prince Regent sent Sir William Congreve to Claremont, to express to Prince Leopold the sentiments of his sympathy and condolence; and a letter of the most affecting nature; expressing the deepest sense of the manner in which he had invariably conducted himself to his daughter, a manner, which had ensured to him the blessings and affections of the father, and the admiration and respect of the nation. The Prince Regent has since had two interviews with his Serene Highness at Claremont, but nothing concerning them has transpired.

No deficiency of feeling however can be charged against the people. From one end of the country to the other, all was grief and consternation as soon as the afflictive tidings were known. Public business and public amusements were every where suspended; the parade and ceremonies of "Lord Mayor's day" were dispensed with in London, the great bell of St. Paul's tolled, as is customary when any of the Royal Family die; and but one sentiment seemed to pervade all ranks and classes. In the more immediate vicinage of Claremont the symptoms of sorrow were still more strongly marked, and at Esher and Kingston the houses were actually shut up as if a death had happened in every family.

In concluding this brief memoir of departed excellence and virtue, we have only to add our fervent wishes, that the rulers of the country may learn from such an exhibition of public esteem, *the value of public opinion*; that it may be a living and lasting lesson to them, teaching them how foolish and how false that policy is, which does not accommodate itself to the good-will and the good sense of the people; and that monarchs and ministers can only be truly great, can only be truly happy and secure, in proportion as they are *respected and beloved* by those over whom they are the chosen or appointed governors.

\*.\* For an Account of the Funeral Procession and Ceremonies, see our Epitome for the present Number.

THE GOSSIPER, N<sup>o</sup>. XXXI.

## TO THE GOSSIPER.

## MEMOIRS OF A SPINSTER.

I HAVE three reasons for undertaking to write my own history. The first is, because I can get nobody else to do it for me; the second is, because I do not wish my amiable qualifications to be entirely lost to the world; and the third is, an anxious desire to guard some parents from the too general folly of giving their children an education inconsistent with their present circumstances, or future expectations.

I was the only daughter of a reputable, but not opulent tradesman in the Borough; I received the first rudiments of education at a day-school in the neighbourhood, and was always noticed as a child of good capacity and engaging manners. As soon as I had learned to read, to write, to make a shirt, and do a few sums in multiplication, my father thought proper to take me from school, that I might assist my mother in domestic concerns, and help him to keep the books, not being himself quite *au fait* in that part of the business.

I was fortunate enough to give him satisfaction; every thing went on comfortably; and by dint of good management and the strictest economy, my father found himself getting forward in the world, and my mother began to hold her head a little higher than she had hitherto done. Since the increase of my father's business, which was that of a grocer, he had found it necessary to employ a young man in his shop, as an assistant, and finding the youth obliging, active, and assiduous, he began to entertain a high opinion



of him; and frequently observed, in his jocular way, that "it would be a capital match for Pen." For my own part, I had no dislike to the young man; but my mother frequently observed, with a look of unusual asperity, "That I was too young to think of a husband yet." "Penelope is not of an age to judge for herself," said she, in reply to an observation made by my father, "That there seemed to be a sort of sneaking kindness between us." "Let her see a little more of the world; she is a mere child yet. Mrs. Topham says we did very wrong in taking her from school so soon, and indeed, my dear Matthew, now that we can afford it, and might spare her from home, we ought to let her go to boarding-school just for a year or two, to give her a little polish; she is a perfect hoyden, as you may see." "Upon my word, I see no such thing," returned my father, gruffly; "the girl is healthy and full of spirits; and I think her quite polished enough for a tradesman's wife." "Ah! but, my dear, tradesmen's wives are not what they were formerly." "I know it," said my father, shaking his head, significantly. However, not to dwell on these uninteresting arguments, I shall merely say, that my mother, aided by Mrs. Topham (a great contract-butcher's lady) carried the day; for Mrs. Topham's daughters had learnt music, and dancing, and drawing, and so must I. You will, perhaps, wonder that I so readily assented to an arrangement that was to separate me from the object of a growing attachment. The fact is, I was not without emulation, you may be so rude as to call it vanity, pride, or some such mortifying misnomer. However, it is certain, that I had heard the Misses Topham admired as highly accomplished girls, and upon one occasion, when we were assembled together at a tea-party, overheard a whisper between a young apothecary and an attorney's clerk, in which the former observed, that "Miss Penelope was a very handsome girl," to which the other replied, "Yes, her face is well enough; but she is so confoundedly awkward, one would think she did not know her right hand from her left." This you must allow was a galling remark, and you may believe it gave me no little

vexation. The seminary to which I was sent by the recommendation of Mrs. Topham, was one of considerable repute, and among the boarders were young ladies of all ranks, from the daughters of Members of Parliament to the children of those who kept a chandler's shop. Our governess, though careful enough to distinguish by her own behaviour between those misses whose parents were *somebodies*, and those whose parents were *nobodies*, was equally attentive to the credit of her school to keep up an equality in appearance, so that our dress was regulated not by our parents' means, but by the gentility of those into whose society we were thus imprudently thrust. I must acknowledge, I was well enough pleased with the regulation which compelled me to wear white frocks and coloured shoes every day. I soon began to look forward anxiously to the holidays, not merely because I was desirous of returning home, but on account of the impatience I felt to exhibit my newly acquired accomplishments, in which I made no doubt I should be fully competent to vie with the Misses Topham, as all the masters from whom I had received instructions, declared, I had made a most astonishing progress. As soon as I alighted from the conveyance, which set me down at my father's door, I beheld the old gentleman bustle round the counter to receive me, and, as usual, I extended my arms to embrace him; but recollecting myself at the moment, I hastily drew back, and as soon as I entered the parlour, dropped my most graceful curtsy. "My stars!" exclaimed my mother, "how the girl is improved!" "Humph!" ejaculated my father, twitching his wig on one side, as was his custom when he had half a mind to enter into an argument with my mother. "Well, Pen," said my mother, "I suppose you have learnt a power of fine things. How I do long for Mrs. Topham to see you; she will be quite delighted. Now do, child, talk a little French to us; for though we do not understand a word of it, we shall like to hear you, it will sound so funny." "And here, girl," interrupted my father, "I have bought a *piany* for you, at a sale; Mrs. Topham worried me into it though. So now

tell me what you can play." "I cannot execute any very difficult pieces yet, papa," I replied. "I can play Nicholia's Sonata, and some of Pleyel's Rondos." "I know nothing about sonatas and rondos, child," cried my father; "and I wish you would not *papa* me; it makes me sick. I was in hopes you could have played "To Bachelors' Hall," and "Sweet Poll of Plymouth," by this time; you have been learning music for six months to very little purpose, if you cannot play and sing a good song yet." I assured him, that I could, if he wished it; and he appeared a little better satisfied. I soon observed that young Mayfield did not appear so much charmed with the alteration that had taken place in my appearance and deportment as I expected he would; but, on the contrary, grew shy and reserved. I mentioned this to my mother, who not a little surprised me, by saying, "Well, suppose he does, child, what need you care? A girl like you may look a little higher, for what I know. Many a one with a worse face has married a title; and when your education is finished, I warrant, you will equal any of the city misses." The misjudging fondness of a weak mother, unfortunately, had a most injurious effect upon my youthful mind, and in proportion as I rose in my own estimation, my friends and relatives proportionally sunk. I no longer assisted my mother with alacrity in her household affairs; my music, my painting, or even my dressing, afforded a sufficient excuse.

(*To be continued.*)

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#### SLANDER.

SLANDER is attached even to irreproachable persons, but spares still less those who expose themselves to censure by their actions. As it finds more matter, it is more bold in transforming appearances to realities, in inventing false stories, or adding to those which have any foundation.



## A NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,  
ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE MISS S——.

*(Continued from page 267.)*

### LETTER VI.

CLYTIE, the daughter of Orchamus, king of Babylon, was more favourably disposed towards the hitherto unsuccessful god; but her sister, Leucothea, soon rivalled her in his affections. Clytie, distracted with jealousy, made her father acquainted with her sister's frailty; and the severe Orchamus buried Leucothea alive. Clytie repenting, too late, of what she had done, and still loving Apollo, by whom she was totally deserted, pined away daily; no longer able to feast her eyes on the form of Apollo, she kept them constantly fixed upon the luminary over which he presided, till at last, in pity, he changed her into the sun-flower.

The unfortunate Marsyas, the satyr, proud of having invented the flute, challenged Apollo to a trial of skill in music, and agreed, that the vanquished should be at the mercy of the conquered. The inhabitants of Nyse were appointed judges of the contest; and the palm of victory was given to Apollo, who made a cruel use of the agreement entered into between him and Marsyas; for he flayed him alive. Scarcely had he committed this inhuman action, when he repented of it; and changed Marsyas into a river which still retains his name.

Apollo, however, was not always cruel; though grossly affronted by Midas, he took only a ludicrous revenge. The God Pan boasted he could rival Apollo in music; and

Midas, king of Phrygia, was fixed upon to decide their contest. Midas gave his judgment in Pan's favour; and Apollo sentenced him to wear from that time the ears of an ass. Midas hoped to conceal his deformity by covering his head with a costly cap, which completely concealed the appendages that Apollo had decorated it with. However, with all his caution, he was obliged to entrust his secret to his barber, whom he bound by a solemn promise never to reveal it. The man kept his word for a long time; but at last, unable to refrain from speaking of it, he went to a considerable distance, and selecting a solitary spot, dug a hole in the earth, to which he put his mouth, and softly whispered, "Midas has asse's ears." Having thus disburthened his mind, he hastened to fill up the hole; but his breach of faith was discovered by a singular circumstance: some reeds grew upon the spot where he had, as he thought, buried his secret, and no sooner does the breeze put them in motion, than they distinctly repeat, "Midas has asse's ears."

Apollo was not less unfortunate in friendship than in love. Before he was expelled from Olympus, he was much attached to the young Hyacinthus, with whom he was one day playing at quoits, when Zephyrus, jealous of the regard of Hyacinthus for Apollo, impelled the quoit of the god against the head of the youth, who was killed on the spot.

Neptune, having been driven from the heavens, proposed to Apollo to quit the states of Admetus, and accompany him to those of Laomedon, king of Troy. He agreed to this proposal, and the two gods accordingly offered their services to Laomedon, who employed them in making bricks; but refusing to pay them the salary for which they had stipulated, Apollo, in revenge, caused the city to be visited by a plague which nearly desolated it.

While Apollo was thus ranging the earth in search of adventures, the heart of Jupiter melted with compassion for the misfortunes to which he was exposed. "It is time," said he, "to forgive a fault which sprang from the excess of parental affection." He called a council of the other deities,

and spoke of his wish for Apollo's readmission to Olympus. Need I tell you, that the wishes of an absolute monarch are always commands. The gods gave a ready assent; and Mercury was charged with Jupiter's mandate for Apollo's immediate return to the heavens.

Tired of earth, labour, and above all of playing the unsuccessful lover, Apollo hastened to obey the command of his parent. Restored to all his former honours, and in some degree cured of the impetuosity which had occasioned his misfortunes, he flattered himself, that he had at last found happiness! Alas! it seemed as if she was destined for ever to elude his grasp! Scarcely had he returned, when Phaëton, his son by Clymene, the daughter of Oceanus, presented himself before him, to complain of the insult offered him by Epaphus, the son of Jupiter and Io. This youth, having quarrelled with Phaëton, had dared to assert, that Apollo was not his father. "I come," cried Phaëton, "to ascertain my birth; deign then, O powerful deity! if I am indeed your son, to give me some token by which I may prove myself so."

Moved, both by the distress of his son, and by his resemblance to Clymene, whom he had tenderly loved, Apollo inconsiderately swore by Styx to grant him what he desired. But how bitterly did he repent his promise, when the rash Phaëton insisted upon being allowed to drive, for one day, the chariot of the Sun. Not daring to violate his oath, and finding entreaties and remonstrances unavailing, to dissuade Phaëton from his perilous enterprise, Apollo complied with his wish, first giving him such instructions as, if attended to, would have ensured his safety. Alas! the rash boy, instead of attending to the counsels of his father, thought only of seizing the reigns so reluctantly entrusted to him.

No sooner did the celestial coursers discover that they were not guided by Apollo, than they disregarded the efforts of their new charioteer, and ere half his course was run, the earth had severely suffered by his presumption; and even the heavens were in danger. Jupiter, when he saw the



mountains blaze, and the rivers dried up, thought it high time, in justice to mankind, to terminate Phaëton's career. Launching one of his bolts at the rash youth, he precipitated him into the Eridan. His three sisters, Phaëtusa, Lampetia, and Lampethusa, who were also the children of Apollo by Clymene, loved their brother so tenderly, that for four months, they remained upon the banks of the Eridan, lamenting his loss incessantly. Touched at length with compassion for their grief, the gods metamorphosed them into poplar trees, while their tears formed amber, till then unknown.

Cygnus, the friend of Phaëton, did not yield in affection to his sisters; for he quitted the dominions of his father, the king of Liguria, and hastened to the banks of the Eridan to lament the fate of his deceased friend; there, giving himself up to sorrow, he entreated the gods to terminate his life, and his affliction. They changed him into a swan.

The representations of Apollo are various. When he appears as Sol, he stands in a chariot drawn by four milk-white steeds, which he seems to guide over the Zodiac. Rays of light encircle his head, and a cock rests upon his hand. As the god of Poetry, his hair falls loosely over his shoulders; he is crowned with laurel; and a long robe hanging in graceful folds around him, conceals his figure. When he represents the patron of Physic, a serpent is placed at his feet; and as the deity of the chase, he is armed with his bow and quiver. He is also frequently grouped with the Muses, who are represented surrounding him on Mount Parnassus; his head is then crowned with laurel, and he holds a lyre in his hand. The name of Apollo becomes associated in our ideas with manly grace and exquisite proportion, from the celebrated statue of the god overpowering the serpent, Python, which is known by the name of the Apollo Belvidere.

Before I take my leave of the God of Day, I must inform you, that his son, Esculapius was worshipped as a god first by the people of Epidaurus, and afterwards by the Romans. The latter paid him particular honours, because they be-

lieved that he had delivered the city from a dreadful pestilence when they brought to it the figure of a serpent, under which he was worshipped, from Epidaurus. They built a temple in an island in the mouth of the Tiber, which they dedicated to him. He is generally represented under the figure of an old man; his breast and arms naked; a loose garment conceals all the rest of his figure, except his feet, which are also naked. A dog stands at his feet; and he leans on a long staff, entwined with serpents. I should have observed, that he always wears a crown of laurel.

As the Muses, although inferior deities, are constant attendants upon Apollo, I may as well give you their history here, especially as it will not detain us long.

They are the daughters of Jupiter and the nymph Mnemosyne. They were born on Mount Pierus, each of them presides over a particular art or science, and to them the human race are indebted for those intellectual pleasures which embellish existence. Known to mankind only as benefactresses, there is but one instance upon record of their avenging the affronts offered to them, and that was in the case of Shamyras, who presumed to challenge them to sing. They accepted his challenge; but it was upon condition, that, if he was overcome, they should punish him as they pleased. He was rash enough to accept this proposal; and fell a martyr to his presumption; for they deprived him both of his sight and of his lyre.

The Nine are always represented as young, modest, beautiful, and, with the exception of Melpomene and Calliope, plainly dressed.

Calliope presides over epic poetry; she is the chief of the Muses, and is always represented with a gold crown on her head, a trumpet in one hand, and a book in the other; crowns of laurel are scattered at her feet.

Clio, the Historic Muse, is also crowned with laurel; she holds in her right hand a trumpet, and a roll of paper in her left. In addition to those attributes, she has sometimes a globe and a figure of Time placed near her. The

invention of your favourite instrument, the guitar, is generally ascribed to Clio.

Euterpe, the Muse of Harmony, is represented playing on the flute, which she is said to have invented. A wreath of flowers adorns her beautiful hair, and a variety of musical instruments lie at her feet.

Terpsichore presides over dancing; she holds a tambourine, which she handles with inimitable grace, while as she dances to its music, her light feet seem scarcely to touch the ground.

Polyhymnia, the Muse of Eloquence, is the most superbly dressed of the Nine; her hair is indeed sometimes simply decorated with flowers, but much oftener with jewels. Her white dress is adorned with wreaths of flowers. Her attitude is that of a speaker; she extends her right arm, as if in the act of addressing an audience; and holds a sceptre in her left hand.

Melpomene, the Tragic Muse, is also richly attired, and sometimes represented with a diadem upon her head. A majestic air, a commanding height, and a countenance which unites all the charms of the most noble expression to strict regularity of feature, distinguish Melpomene. In one hand she holds a crown and sceptre, and in the other grasps a bloody dagger.

The arch expression of Thalia's countenance would alone characterise the Comic Muse: her attributes are, a mask and socks. Her crown is always composed of ivy.

Urania, the Muse of Astronomy, wears a crown composed of stars; her robe is the colour of the heavens; she holds a globe in both hands; sometimes the globe is placed upon a tripod, which stands near her, on which is also seen mathematical instruments.

The Grecians were the most devoted worshippers of the Nine. They built in all their towns temples which they dedicated to the Muses and Graces in common. These deities were also always invoked together at the commencement of all festive meetings. Parnassus, Helicon, Pindus,



the borders of Hippocrene, Castalia, and Parnassus, were the retreats in which the Muses, when absent from Olympus, passed their time. In those celestial shades, they joined with the Graces to form concerts, at which Apollo always presided.

I see that those charming sisters have made me lengthen my letter unmercifully. I shall only add to it the assurance, that

I am my Charlotte's

Devoted

CLERMONT.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### COMIC USE OF A RETENTIVE MEMORY.

M. LA MOTTE, a celebrated French poet, was remarkable for a most retentive memory, of which he once gave a striking instance.—A young author read a tragedy to him, which he heard quite through, and with expressions of great satisfaction. He assured the writer, that the piece was excellent, and must be successful; “but,” added he, “you have been guilty of a little plagiarism, and to prove it, I will repeat to you the second scene of the fourth act of your play.” The young poet assured him that he was mistaken, for he had not borrowed a line from any person. La Motte said, that he asserted nothing which he could not prove; and immediately repeated the whole scene with as much animation as if he had been the author of it. The company present were astonished, and the author himself was quite disconcerted. La Motte enjoyed their embarrassment for some time, and then said, “Gentlemen, recover yourselves from this surprise.” Then addressing himself to the author, he said, “The scene, sir, is certainly your own, as well as the rest of the play; but this part appeared to me so beautiful and affecting, that I could not help getting it by heart while you were reading it to me.”

## THE SOLDIER'S RETURN;

A MUSICAL FARCE IN TWO ACTS.

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By J. M. BARTLETT.

(Concluded from page 271.)

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SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Old Mordrant's House.*

CECILIA *appears pensive.*

*She sings.*

How heavy drag the moments on,  
 On expectation's wing!  
 How soon the fleeting hours are gone,  
 That wish'd enjoyments bring!  
 But, oh! how sweet appears the calm,  
 Succeeding tempest dire!  
 And oh! to love, how sweet the balm,  
 That yields the heart's desire!

*Enter AGNES hastily.*

Agnes. The captain and O'Keefe, madam, are actually arrived; I heard them ascending the stairs.

Cecilia. Are you sure, Agnes?

Agnes. Yes, indeed, madam, I could not easily mistake O'Keefe's voice; and sure enough here they are.

*Enter MANLY and O'KEEFE, who run into the arms of their respective mistresses.*

[*After a mutual pause.*]

Cecilia. Oh! Frederick!—but [*looking at him*] how do I see you returned in form, perfect as when you left me?

Agnes, [*looking at O'Keefe's legs.*] Ha! ha! and O'Keefe has two legs too!

O'Keefe, [*looking downwards.*] Two legs! sure enough

one and one make a pair all the world over—two legs! ah! you Judy;—but that is so like the women.

*Man.* Hear me, Cecilia; I will explain it; and if I have practised a deception to prove the sincerity of your affection, I am sure you will not resent it, because you see me returned more fortunate than many of my fellow soldiers. And, Agnes, if I have tried your love too for O'Keefe, you must forgive me, since your heart has alike withstood so powerful an assault.

*Cecilia.* But suppose we had become acquainted with your design, and counteracted your intention, by assuming in our turns less generous characters?

*Man.* You would, perhaps, have acted justly; but my Cecilia, let the recollection of it only serve to sweeten our future lives; reproaches were not designed to embitter such moments as these.

DUETT.—*Cecilia.*

How sweet to the maiden's ear, the tale that breathes  
Her hero's fame!

How sweet th' applause, with which her fancy wreaths  
His much lov'd name!

*Manly.*

How sweet to the soldier's soul, the thought that dwells  
With her he loves!

How sweet the hope that every fear dispels,  
And doubt removes!

*Both.*

But oh! the fondest triumph of the heart  
Is, when by absence sever'd long, to meet;  
When doom'd by destiny no more to part,  
Joy fills the cup, and makes the draught complete.

[*Cecilia and Manly retire to the back part of the stage.*]

*Agnes* [to *O'Keefe*.] So! since I promised, I suppose, I must e'en perform, and take you "for better or for worse" now you are returned; but pray what can you do to make yourself useful?



*O'Keefe.* Do?—storm trenches—mount breaches—scale parapets—sap citadels—spring mines—and—

*Agnes.* And!

*O'Keefe.* And make love. [*Kissing her.*]

*Agnes.* Very peaceable avocations, upon my word. But pray where do you mean to set up in business?

*O'Keefe.* Set up in business! now truly that's a good one; when I am just retiring from it; and fear not that my king and country will forget to reward the services of those brave fellows, who have so often bled in their defence.

*Song.*

Sure the joy of a soldier is hardship and danger,  
When war sends the loud pealing summons to duty,  
To the soft sighs of love then, his *soule* is a stranger—  
In the rattle  
Of battle,  
He dreams not of beauty.

But when peace is restor'd, and his duty is over;  
Oh! the joy of his heart is the smiles of the lasses;  
The hardy campaigner becomes the spruce lover,  
And frisky,  
With whisky,  
He jingles the glasses.

[*MR. MORDRANT'S voice is heard below.*]

*CECILIA comes forward.*

*Cecilia.* Heavens! it is my father's voice! How will you avoid him, Frederick?

*Agnes.* Or the courageous Mr. Overplus? or Mr. O'Keefe a cudgelling?

*Man.* How?

*Agnes.* I chanced to overhear these heroes lamenting your loss of limbs, as it would prevent Mr. Overplus from challenging the captain, and Oliver from giving O'Keefe a cudgelling—ha! ha! ha!

*Man.* Then let us face the enemy; and as a *ruse de guerre* is allowable in war, we will even assume the maimed cha-

racters which they expect to find us. You, O'Keefe, therefore support yourself on one leg with your stick.

[MANLY ties a handkerchief over one eye, and withdraws his right arm from the sleeve of his coat.

*Enter OLD MORDRANT in a passion. OVERPLUS and OLIVER following.*

*Old Mord.* Oliver, turn these vagrants into the street; you, Miss, [*to Miss Mordrant*] attend me to your chamber; your able abettor may follow her gallant lover, and——

*Man.* Before, sir, you proceed to acts of violence, permit me to ask, if the losses we have sustained in the service of our country, will not entitle us to be treated with respect?

*Old Mord.* [*furiously.*] Respect, sir! yes, sir, I will order you both to be respectfully turned out of door; therefore, Oliver, make that one-legged gentleman lead the way.

[*OLIVER lays hold of O'Keefe.*]

*O'Keefe.* Now be *asy*, my darling, and do not be after paying any disrespect to my one leg, because you see [*shewing him the other*] he has a fellow countryman that will stand by him.

[*He marches after OLIVER, who retires in evident confusion.*

*MANLY also disengages his eye and arm.*]

*Old Mord.* A set of impostors!

*Man.* No, sir! I scorn the insinuation; the imposition was designed to prove the ingenuousness of your daughter's attachment only; I pursued it to see how far a paltroon [*looking at Overplus*] could insult the unfortunate; but as he has now the opportunity he so much desired of giving me honourable satisfaction, I demand it as a gentleman.

*O'Keefe, [to Oliver.]* And I my cudgelling, darling.

*Old Mord.* Captain Manly, what am I to think of this conduct?

*Man.* What your conscience must dictate; for you will now learn, that your daughter was not won by a momentary prepossession; nor was I captivated by the sordid desire of possessing your wealth; an attachment like this may be

opposed by interest, but cannot be weakened by difficulties. I will now ask your consent, but not your possessions ; give me the first, and may you live long to enjoy the other, and at last bequeath it to those most deserving of it.

*Old Mord.* But I have already given my consent to Mr. Overplus ; what does he say ?

*Over.* [*bowing.*] The gentlemen of the army are allowed precedence.

*Oliv.* [*aside.*] And these Irish *fellers* always take it.

*Old Mord.* [*joining the hands of CECILIA and MANLY.*] Then be it so ; and with it let us banish all animosity.

*All.* Agreed.

FINALE.—*Old Mordrant.*

The heart is best pleased when joy it dispenses ;

*Cecilia.*

A maiden when duty her passion approves ;

*Manly.*

A soldier, when beauty his toils recompences ;

*O'Keefe.*

With a big whacking kiss from the girl that he loves.

*All.*

Then long may the soldier with fame's ardour burn,

And still may the fair his true merits discern ;

But say in our cause, will you lend your applause,

And greet with your kind smiles "*The Soldier's Return?*"

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ARISTOTLE'S ANSWER RESPECTING A LIAR.

"What gains a man by lying?"—"Gains, forsooth!  
He gains no credit when he speaks the truth."



## BRIEF REMARKS

ON THE NATURE OF TRUE POETRY, IN WHICH A VERY RIDICULOUS OPINION IS ATTEMPTED TO BE CONFUTED.

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I REMEMBER being once present at a Debating Society, when the subject of the evening's discussion was—The comparative merits of Poetry and History, considered as to their respective influences upon the human mind. In the course of argument, a certain *wiseacre* took upon himself to assert, that Poetry must needs be inferior to History, because its chief excellence consisted in *obscurity*; and this profound observation he concluded by very gravely adding, that what was *unintelligible* he presumed must be *uninstructive*. And is it possible, thought I, that such a noodle as this can be listened to with any attention, or even be tolerated to speak in public? However, since then, having mixed more generally in the world, and become somewhat more conversant with men and manners, I find there really are many, especially among the *lower order* of writers, who entertain precisely the same opinion as this learned orator, and who do not scruple to enforce that opinion by uniformly adopting it in their literary practice. And here what has often been a matter of mystery to me is most satisfactorily solved. I now perceive, that in a variety of cases where I have supposed the unmeaning jargon of occasional passages to have arisen from some stupid blunder in the printing, it is nothing more than the actual and deliberate intention of the author that they *should* appear in this state of confusion, in order that they may be thought highly poetical, and grand, and beautiful. Thus, to effect this important object, I have seen grammar violated, syntax transposed, poetry burlesqued, and common sense outraged; in fact, no pains spared by the author to puzzle the wits of his readers, and make a fool of him-

*self*. "Well but," some of these worthy gentlemen will exclaim, "does not a writer degrade himself by condescending to be always understood? Are not Shakspeare, Milton, Young, Lord Byron, and other of our greatest poets, often obscure?" How strangely does a little mind pervert the excellent things it has heard, and how laughably does it conjecture respecting what is genius. Why yes, they *are* often obscure—and long may such poetry as their's continue so! For let me confess to these miserable block-heads, that *verbally* they are right, but most egregiously wrong in their deductions. True poetry consists in a union of the most refined, the most pleasing, the most fascinating, the most delicate, the most tender, or the most noble, the most lofty and sublime conceptions, with a graceful, harmonious, and appropriate versification—to shorten the definition, true poetry consists in the most elegant and beautiful ideas, expressed in the most elegant and beautiful language. For the language must, in some measure at least, correspond with the idea; and, without being *fantastical*, neither one nor the other should be *common*. Hence it is that many of the finest passages in our best poets *have indeed* an obscurity about them. But to *whom* are they obscure? To the *vulgar*, the *ignorant*, the *mean*, the *base*, to them of a narrow and grovelling spirit, of a weak and inferior nature! These, having no affinity to any thing that is great or good, are blind to the flashes of intellect; and the soarings of virtue, as they are utterly beyond their reach, so are they equally beyond their comprehension: and it is the glory, and *here* I grant it is the *excellence* of poetry, that from such as these it is sacred, that to such as these it is obscurity and foolishness. But let it then not be forgotten, that an obscurity like this is produced by the elevated superiority of *Taste* and *Genius* over *Vulgarity* and *Ignorance*; and not, as some have ridiculously imagined, by jumbling words together without meaning or connection; which is only to flounder in a noisy chaos, and lose one's self in the *false*, or *dark sublime*, as it is justly denominated, where sound is substituted for sense,

and pompousness of expression supposed to be synonymous with grandeur of ideas. What a wretched and pitiful ambition must that writer possess (and yet such there are) who labours to be *obscure*, under the notion of being *poetical*, and who reconciles to himself the idiocy of his productions by alleging the *prettiness of the words*!

ALTIDEM.

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#### MADAME DE MONTESPAN.

A NOBLEMAN, of Louis the Fourteenth's court, had in some way offended Madame de Montespan, and a post becoming vacant which he earnestly wished to obtain, he racked his brains in vain to find a means of asking her to procure it for him. It chanced that, one day at court, somebody asked him if he knew who was to be appointed to it. "No," replied he, "but I know who is not to be appointed." "And pray," said the other, "who is that?" "Myself." The gentleman laughed; but Madame Montespan, who stood near, said, significantly, "How can you be sure of that, sir?" "Oh! Madame," replied he, instantly, "I am so certain, that I would wager a thousand Louis." "I would not advise you," said the lady, drily; "for I believe you would stand a chance of losing them." "Pardon me, madame, if I differ with you in opinion on this subject; but I am so positive I am in the right, that I will bet a thousand Louis with any person, that I shall not have the post." "I accept your wager," said Madame de Montespan, in a low tone. This was all he wanted. He received within a few days an appointment to the post; and he paid with a very good grace, and well affected surprise, the thousand Louis to the favourite.



## THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE.

*(Concluded from page 278.)*

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## THE CONFESSION OF JUAN VINDICI.

THE world may stigmatise me as a villain; yet what care I! Brought up in a thorough contempt of all ridiculous prejudices, inclination and necessity have conspired, and led me to acts which some weak minds would shudder at; yet I feel no compunction, and even now can bear these torments without shrinking. If I make a faithful and full acknowledgement of past transactions, it is not because I feel remorse for what I have done, but that I still possess the delicious power of being able to inflict a pang on others. It was by my advice, in pursuance of my instructions, and profiting by my example, that St. Valori became what you now behold him; it was I who first planted the thorn of envy in his bosom, taught him to sigh for rank, and covet wealth, who instigated him to raise his hand against a brother's life. Yet the blow which pierced the bosom of Lord Glenfield was not mortal; he fell, wounded, and apparently dead; and it was supposed he lost his life in battle. Pretending friendship and commiseration, I undertook to convey him to his family; but no sooner had him completely in my power, than by threats and persuasions I extorted from him a solemn vow, that he would renounce the world, and retire into a monastery. I kept him to his word, and caused him to be immediately conveyed on board a vessel bound to —. From that time, I heard no more of him. The secret I carefully kept, imagining it might one day be serviceable to me. On the night of the wreck, when chance threw Albert in our way, and conducted us to the very monastery in which he had found an asylum, dread of discovery obliged us to finish the business. The holy father, who appeared so strangely affected on our appearance, being no other than the Earl of Glenfield.

In regard to the child, Albert, I can only say, that if there is a Providence, it has certainly manifested its power in his preservation, or may I not more justly imagine, that some demon of malice determined to thwart all our schemes by saving his life in despite of all our endeavours to destroy him.

On the day of the dreadful battle of Neiss, I concerted with my companion how we might best get rid of the troublesome brat. Observing the attention of Genevieve otherwise engaged, I snatched the boy from the spot where he was playing, concealed him under my cloak, and bore him to the field, where, in the thickest of the fight, I dropped him beneath the trampling feet of an approaching troop of cavalry; yet he was saved!—escaped unhurt! I beheld an officer hastily dismount, and raise him in his arms; he appeared to examine him with minute attention; I levelled my piece, and shot him to the heart! The confusion that ensued prevented my making any further observation; but I afterwards learnt from young St. Valori, that his father's regiment was quartered in the village; that his servant had received a child in charge, and conveyed it to his master, who would probably recognize it by the necklace it wore, and which we had never had the precaution to remove. I deemed this of little consequence, and advised him to let the matter rest, as Glenfield would no doubt take his own precautions, when he had the boy again in his power, concealing only the event from Genevieve, who would have been enraged at thus losing an object, which she conceived might, at some future time, be the means of promoting her own mercenary views.

The events of succeeding years are of little importance; I will briefly hasten on to the period of our return to Vienna, where we found Albert grown to man's estate, the adopted son of Augustus Waldstein, and the betrothed husband of Katharine. St. Valori, a rejected lover, irritated to madness at finding a rival in the object of his bitterest hate and envy, summoned me to his assistance; I obeyed, and concerted a scheme likely to answer the

desired purpose. By my advice, St. Valori assumed the monastic garb; and, as Father Michael, obtained easy access to the pious, superstitious Madame Rosenheim; and by this stratagem also got possession of every family secret. Genevieve, assuming the title of Countess of Glenfield, courted the acquaintance of Katharine, and contrived to decoy her awhile from the protection of Madame Rosenheim. Some untoward circumstance, however, occasioned by my abrupt appearance at the Countess's, who was ignorant of my being then in Vienna, caused Katharine to return precipitately to her maternal friend, before we had time to execute the project which we had in contemplation. This was, to convey Katharine to a distant part of the country, where St. Valori had a temporary residence, and where, as Lord Glenfield, he intended to woo and win her, or by forcible means secure the coveted prize. What more you wish to know may be gathered from the papers already in your possession.

Thus ended the confession of this hoary villain, who, to the last moment, appeared to glory in his vices, while his first dupe, the wretched Glenfield, writhed beneath the agonies of corporeal sufferings, and the still more acute pangs of a wounded conscience. His life had been a series of crimes, occasioned chiefly by fear of detection. Avarice first instigated him to an act of guilt and injustice, and the pusillanimity of a weak mind led him on with trembling footsteps to the brink of that precipice from which there was no receding.

Such were the contents of a manuscript found in a ruinous old building, which had once been a monastery; the tattered fragments were carefully preserved, and handed down to posterity by the new occupants; but in passing through so many hands, several of the papers were unavoidably lost, and others so worn and mutilated, as to render it almost impossible to arrange them with any precision; it is also probable, that many circumstances remain unexplained which might serve to reconcile several apparent inconsistencies. Whether the mysterious events



which marked the fate of the persecuted Albert, were real occurrences, or merely an ingenious fabrication, it is not now in our power to ascertain; it is probable, however, that it was only a monastic legend, designed to warn youth against the first incitements to avarice and ambition, though, in compliance with the fashion of the times, the fanciful and extravagant imagery with which the writer endeavoured to render the tale interesting, served rather to disguise than strengthen the moral tendency which it might otherwise have been considered to possess.

#### THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

HER Royal Highness, about six weeks since, directed instructions to be sent to a German artist of great celebrity, residing in this country, to execute a snuff-box, composed of paper-machée, in which her Highness's portrait (a bust) should be introduced on the lid. The likeness was selected by the much-lamented Princess herself. The box is gone to Vienna to be finished, and when it returns, in the interior, the following lines will appear written on white satin. They are altered from Thomson. The box was intended as a present to Prince Leopold.

To CLAREMONT's terrac'd heights, and Esher's groves,  
Where, in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd  
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,  
From courts and cities, CHARLOTTE finds repose.  
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse  
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung.  
O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!  
On which the power of Cultivation lies,  
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR NOVEMBER, 1817.

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THE lamented death of the Princess Charlotte Augusta has occasioned so great a suspension of public business and amusements in this country that there is little to record, except that one mournful circumstance; and to the details of the Life and Death of that inestimable character, contained in the first part of this work, we have only to add the particulars of her Funeral, &c. The intelligence of the month, independant of this melancholy event, is very unimportant; the French Court, out of respect to the Royal Family of England, have ordered eleven days, and the Court of Holland, one month's mourning.

In this country, mourning is become general; not that alone which shews itself in externals, but that inward sorrow which touches the heart; and is expressed in the countenance of almost every person one meets. On the day of the funeral, all the shops in the metropolis were shut; and, though not ordered, at most of the churches, service was performed, and a sermon preached on the melancholy occasion, and the day every where observed with great solemnity. From nine to ten in the evening, the bells of every parish church tolled in dismal concert, and produced a most mournful effect.

From the time of her Royal Highness's death, the body was constantly watched, a mark of respect that is always paid to personages of her exalted rank. The bodies of the Princess, and the still-born infant underwent the process of embalming; and were afterwards inclosed in a number of wrappers stiffened with wax, a mode of preservation first in use among the Egyptians, and adopted for centuries among ourselves. These wrappers again were covered with an inclosure of rich blue velvet, tied with white satin

riband. Prince Leopold was much shocked when informed of this barbarous practice, and wished it to be dispensed with.

That no external mark of respect might be wanting, care was taken that the necessary funeral apparatus might be as handsome, and even as magnificent as became the rank of the illustrious deceased. The internal coffin of the Princess is of Honduras mahogany. At the bottom is a mattress covered with white satin, and at the head a pillow of the same. The lining also of white satin, finished with rosettes of white riband. The body having been inclosed in its last preservative wrapper, was finally folded in a shroud, or mantle of blue satin, tied together at short intervals with white satin riband, and placed in the coffin. When the body was deposited in it, the lid was laid loosely on the top. There was no alteration whatever in the furniture of the room—every thing remained in the same state as during her Royal Highness's existence. The inner coffins being placed within coffins of lead, and the urn being also inclosed in a leaden case, they were respectively deposited within the outer cases. Not only the lids and sides of the exterior coffins are covered with superior crimson Genoa velvet, but also the bottoms. The sides, ends, and tops, are formed into pannels of proportionate sizes, with metal gilt nails. There are three massive handles, also of metal gilt, on each side, and one on each end to correspond. At the angle of each pannel are corner plates, on which are engraved a crown and two palm branches, and the letters P. C. A. the initials of Princess Charlotte Augusta. The inscription plates, the massive handles with enriched chased borders, and the other furniture, all gilt, in point of elegance and workmanship surpass every thing of the kind ever witnessed. The Princess's coffin is of very large dimensions; it measures in length six feet four inches, and in breadth at the widest part, two feet four inches. The plate bears a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation—

“ The remains of the most illustrious Princess Charlotte



Augusta, the only daughter of George Frederick, Prince of Wales, Regent of Great Britain, Consort of his Serene Highness Prince Leopold George Frederick Duke of Saxony, Marquis of Messina, Landgrave of Thuringia, Prince of Cobourg and Saalfeld, Marshal in his Majesty's army, Privy Counsellor, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter and the Bath, &c. She died on the 6th of November, in the year of our Lord 1817, and in the 22nd year of her age."

The urn for the heart is a simple square case of Honduras mahogany, covered, like the coffin, with rich Genoa crimson velvet, and the sides and top formed into pannels, with gilt nails. There are also corner plates, bearing a crown, the initials of the Princess, and two palm branches. On the lid is a gilt plate, bearing a crown, the letters P. C. A. and the date of her Royal Highness's death, 6th November, 1817. It is lined with white satin.

Every effort was used to divert the attention of Prince Leopold from the harassing sight and knowledge of the preparations that were making. The state coffin was conveyed to the bed-room on Saturday, November 15th, where the remains of the Princess were deposited in the inner mahogany coffin inclosed in the lead coffin, and were lifted into the state coffin, which is of mahogany, covered with the richest crimson velvet, and ornamented in the most splendid and elegant style, as before described. The urn is ornamented in a similar manner to the coffin. The coffin of the infant is like that of its royal parent. On the lid is a plated sheet of metal, on which is engraved the following inscription—

"The Still-born Male Infant of their Royal and Serene Highnesses the Princess Charlotte Augusta, and of Prince Leopold and Saxe-Cobourg, November 6th, 1817."

This ceremony was performed so as to leave every thing in an undisturbed state before eleven o'clock, the hour that the Prince nightly visited the room, and wept over the remains of the object of his affections, before he retired to rest.

On Tuesday evening the 19th inst. the remains of her

Royal Highness were removed from Claremont in a hearse drawn by eight beautiful black horses, followed by Prince Leopold, his attendants and others, in five mourning coaches, under an escort of the 10th, or Prince Regent's Own, at ten o'clock; and entered Windsor a little before two o'clock; where they were received by a party of the Yeomen of the Guard, who carried the body into a room prepared for the purpose, covered in every part with black cloth.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 19th November, the day appointed for depositing the remains of the Princess in the Royal Mausoleum, the town of Windsor was thronged by an accession of visitors from all parts, hoping to see the ceremony of lying in state. The unabated grief of Prince Leopold was the cause of disappointment in this object.

At half-past six, the avenues to the Chapel were lined by the military. At seven o'clock the chapel presented a most imposing appearance: the lower division of the building was lined with military, bearing flambeaux. The recesses of the aisles behind the military were filled with strangers from all parts of the kingdom, who were thrust into corners, where they could scarcely see more of the procession than if they had remained at home.


At half past eight in the evening, the quickened tolling of the bells announced the removal of the Royal remains from the Lower Lodge to St. George's Chapel. At a quarter before nine, the hearse, drawn by eight black horses, preceded by two troops of the Blues, entered the Castle-gate. Ninety-nine of the Royal servants, in state liveries with torches, and twenty-four mutes, accompanied the body. Eleven coaches belonging to the Royal family, with six horses each, followed in the funeral procession.

The procession was conducted with the utmost solemnity, and when it arrived in the choir, the profoundest feelings were excited, which evinced themselves by a solemn and mournful silence. The choristers, as soon as they made their appearance in the Chapel, began to chant the solemn service of "I know that my Redeemer liveth:" the canopy followed the choristers, and moved at a very slow pace:

it appeared to be of immense length, and being borne high in the air, had a most imposing effect: under this was the coffin, carried by eight Yeomen of the Guard, and the magnificent pall was supported by four Baronesses—Ladies Grenville, Ellenborough, Boston, and Arden. Prince Leopold followed the coffin as chief mourner; his appearance created the deepest interest; his countenance was dejected; his manner was full of despondency; and though he made evident efforts to preserve calmness and fortitude, yet he every now and then burst into a flood of tears. He walked along with unsteady steps, and took the seat provided for him at the head of the coffin, between the Duke of York on his right, and the Duke of Clarence on his left hand. Upon entering the choir, the body was placed on a platform, and the coronet and cushion laid upon the coffin. The coffin was placed with the feet towards the altar.

During the whole of the funeral service, his Serene Highness preserved one fixed but downcast look towards the coffin of his beloved wife; he never once raised his eyes to the congregation; he was totally absorbed in his grief. The Royal Dukes who sat or stood beside him watched him with much solicitude, as if they were afraid he would sink under his affliction. His distress, however, was tolerably subdued, till the moment when the coffin was gradually lowered into the grave. At this awful crisis, when his deeply regretted consort was to be separated from him for ever, he was alarmingly moved, but by a strong effort, he seemed also to conquer this emotion; and the rest of the service passed on without requiring any particular notice.

The mourners then walked back, though without the state accompaniments. The funeral service closed about eleven o'clock.



#### LITERARY NOTICE.

On the 1st of December will be published, "A MONODY to the Memory of the Princess CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA," by the Author of "Evening Hours."







*Morning & Evening Costume for December 1877*

*Pub. Dec. 1. 1877, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.*

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION  
FOR DECEMBER, 1817.

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THE WALKING DRESS.

PLAIN round dress, composed of black bombazeen, the body is made up to the throat, and tight to the shape. Plain long sleeves with white crape weepers. The skirt is finished round the bottom by a number of black crape rouleaus. Over this dress is worn a pelisse of black Levantine, open in front, and wrapping a little to one side. The waist is very short, and the back is quite plain. There is a small square collar which supports a very full ruff composed of white crape. The collar, fronts, and bottom of the dress, are finished by a broad trimming of black crape, which is laid on very full. Plain long sleeves, finished at the wrist with black crape to correspond; the upper part of the sleeve is full, but it is tight towards the wrist. Head-dress, a small French bonnet composed of black Leghorn. The edge of the front is ornamented by a rouleau of black crape; two rouleaus ornament the top of the crown; and one very broad one goes round the bottom of it. A black crape band ties it under the chin; and a full bunch of artificial flowers, composed also of black crape, ornaments it on one side. Black shamoy gloves and black shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

A BLACK crape frock over a black sarsnet slip: the body is cut very low all round the bust, and very short in the waist. The sleeve is very short and full. A narrow white crape trimming, of a novel description, goes round the bust, and both the body and sleeves are interspersed in a new



style, with either black or white crape. The skirt is of an easy fullness; it is finished round the bottom by a broad trimming of either black or white crape disposed in festoons, and interspersed with cypress leaves, composed of black crape. This is surmounted by a broad rouleau of either black or white crape, round which is twined a double row of polished jet beads. The hair is dressed high behind, and in light curls on the forehead; it is ornamented only by an elegant jet comb. Necklace and ear-rings of jet. Gloves of black shamoy leather; plain black silk shoes.

Deploring as we, in common with the whole nation, must do, the severe calamity which it has pleased God to inflict upon us, by taking our lovely and beloved princess to himself, it is soothing to our feelings to perceive the general respect paid to her memory by all classes of people, no person of decent appearance being seen out of mourning. In addition to the dresses which we have given in our prints, a house at the west end of the town has favoured us with the following descriptions of a dinner-dress, a spenser, and some articles of millinery.

The first is composed of black twilled sarsnet; it is made half high; and the shape of the back and shoulders is formed by three narrow welts of black crape. The lower part of the body in front is composed of black crape, the upper part of black sarsnet, the latter is plain, the former very full, and so contrived as to form the exact shape of the bust. The body wraps over entirely to the left side, and is ornamented with a narrow trimming of black crape, disposed in the form of cockle shells. Long sleeves with a black crape epaulette, ornamented at the wrist with a trimming to correspond with the body. The skirt is finished round the bottom with three rows of broad trimming in the form of scollop-shells, which are edged by narrow rouleaus of black crape, and between each shell is a small rosette of black crape.

The spenser, composed of bombazeen, is made to the shape without any fullness; it is finished round the throat

with a profusion of false capes; those capes are ornamented with a corkscrew trimming, composed of narrow black love riband. There is a small standing collar, which is entirely covered with this kind of trimming. Long sleeves of a moderate fullness, finished with a cuff of about a nail in breadth, and which corresponds with the collar. The spenser meets exactly in front, and the capes fall two or three inches over the shoulder.

Among the most fashionable articles of millinery are the French aprons, composed either of white or black crape. They are usually made long enough to reach the knee, and have small pockets. The trimmings of these aprons vary; sometimes they are ornamented with narrow flounces of crape, the edges of which are pointed, and sometimes they have trimmings disposed in the form of cockle-shells, or puffings of crape all round. Black aprons are frequently trimmed with white crape.

An undress cap composed of clear muslin; the crown is of the same shape as the satin cauls worn in the French willow bonnets; it is gathered in the middle, and sewed to a head-piece of a moderate height; as the crown is large, and disposed in full plaits, it is consequently high in front. The hinder part does not fall over, but is turned up to the front. A triple border of gauffreyed muslin is set on very full round the face. This cap is of the mob kind; but the ends, which are very small, are mostly worn to fly back; it is trimmed with a profusion of black love riband.

A turban composed of white crape, made in the Chinese style, that is to say, brought almost to a point on the top of the head, is considered very fashionable in full dress. The crape is disposed in rolls, and it is drawn up a little just over the forehead, so as to display an under front of black crape, which is honeycombed; a jet sprig placed to one side, or a large bunch of artificial flowers composed of black crape, ornaments this turban.

Ruffs are now worn exceedingly full; those composed of clear muslin are frequently edged with black riband.

## COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

THE latest accounts from Paris announce that the French court have gone into mourning for our Princess, for eleven days, and all the English of distinction have paid her memory a similar mark of respect ; but as the mourning is not general among the Parisians, we give our usual extracts from one of their fashionable journals.

*Chapeaux*, of black velvet, lined with silk plush, are considered fashionable. The favourite colours for linings are orange, carmelite brown, and *ponceau*, which is a deep heavy red. Hats of white plush are, however, more in favour ; but they are no longer finished by quilling round the edge. Flowers have disappeared, and we have now plumes of marabout or down feathers ; there are sometimes as many as six of these plumes worn in the fronts of white hats. Some *elegantes* appear in the promenade with hats of black velvet, lined with white satin, of a very whimsical shape ; the crowns of these hats are low, and the brims very small, except just in front, where they are turned up in a peak. Most ladies, however, prefer hats with a large brim which is turned up a little in front. These hats are placed very far back upon the head.

A favourite head-dress for the opera is a small black velvet hat, lined with white satin, and ornamented with feathers of the bird of Paradise ; this is worn over a bandeau of purple, rose colour, or sky-blue velvet ; this bandeau, which is very broad, is brought in a peak on the middle of the forehead, and edged with either white beads or pearls : the hat worn with it is very small, and placed upon the head, so as to display the bandeau.

Cachemire turbans are also greatly worn at the opera, but young ladies appear always in their hair, which they ornament now with gold beads instead of flowers.



THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

ABDALLAH;

OR,

THE FATAL GIFT.

A POEM.

*(Concluded from page 295.)*

Soon as the placid evening's dewy close  
Had hush'd the world to silence and repose,  
With cautious step, befitting that dull hour,  
Abdallah glided from the palace bower,  
Unlock'd the gate, and hurried forth to reach  
The lonely windings of the distant beach.  
Soft o'er the ocean from her heaven of blue  
The rising moon a silvery lustre threw,  
In vivid glory round her azure throne  
Each twinkling star and nightly planet shone,  
The truant winds were hush'd, or scarcely sigh'd  
Along the level surface of the tide,  
The murmuring billows, heaving to the land,  
Fell faint and fainter on the pebbly sand;  
Gradual they slept—and now was heard no more  
The sound of waters on the lone sea-shore.  
Abdallah gaz'd, as one that fain would die,  
On the calm landscape and the cloudless sky;  
All nature slumber'd in the moon's pale beam,  
Rock, grove, and bower, the valley, and the stream;  
All, all was still—Abdallah could not bear  
The heavenly quiet of a scene so fair,  
But sat him down, and with a flood of tears  
Bewail'd the darker aspect of his years,

Look'd on his ruby ring with angry scorn,  
And thus exclaim'd, repentant, and forlorn—  
“ Detested gift! to thee, to thee I owe  
The source of all my grief and all my woe:  
The mystic veil that providence design'd  
To screen from mortal ken the mortal mind  
Thy hated spells have sunder'd to my view,  
And shown me that which scarcely angels knew.  
What hast thou taught me?—what alas! but this—  
That nature's ignorance was nature's bliss;  
That heaven enough had prov'd us each to each  
By outward act, propensity, and speech;  
And if indeed there lurk'd some deadly sin,  
Some innate viciousness conceal'd within,  
'Twere best a fault unknown, and happiest he  
That car'd not to enquire, or would not see.  
And till th' accursed hour when folly first  
Inspir'd my soul with emulative thirst  
To pierce beyond the narrow bounds of fate,  
And link th' Eternal to the Human state,  
Thus happily I liv'd, content to dream  
Of men and manners only as they seem,  
And happily had died, believing still  
The outward feature for the inward will.  
But lo! thy potent magic has display'd  
The buried secrets of the sable shade,  
And back with horror from the scene I start,  
Love, hope, and friendship withering at my heart!  
Wretch that I was!—the vices I deplore  
I knew not, felt not, saw them not before;  
If men were base, yet so that baseness hid,  
It look'd like virtue, and like virtue did,  
Why force that baseness on the slumbering sense?  
If harm was mine, 'twas harm without offence;  
And good or bad, aright or wrongly prone,  
Their very interest secur'd my own.  
Now am I reft of every joy on earth;  
The friends I lov'd, the country of my birth,  
Whate'er I treasur'd, all alike in turn  
Thy evil mysteries have made me spurn;

And wilt thou when I breathe in other climes  
Still tell my soul of turpitude and crimes?  
No!—here for ever ends thy magic sway,  
And thus I tear thee from my hand away!"

He said—and far as raging force could fling  
Whirl'd to the moonlight sea the ruby-ring.  
Pensive he stood, and watch'd the heaving swell  
That rippled o'er the surface as it fell,  
When sudden from the spot his wond'ring eyes  
Beheld a silvery cloud expanding rise:  
The misty vapour, gliding as it grew,  
Towards the shore majestically drew,  
And thus with solemn accent spoke severe  
A voice familiar to Abdallah's ear—  
"Mistaken fool! because the gift I gave  
For ever sleeps beneath the ocean's wave,  
Say, canst thou think the knowledge that is thine  
Hath sunk and perish'd in the watery brine?  
While memory's self within thy brain shall last,  
Thou never, never canst forget the past;  
And all thy future, wander as thou wilt,  
Shall wear for thee the blackening hues of guilt.  
Then speed throughout the world thy fruitless flight  
As choice shall govern, or as scenes invite,  
From frozen Zembla bid thy sails expand  
To farthest Europe, or Columbia's land,  
Thou dost on every shore, in every sphere,  
But still renew what thou hast wept for here.  
Tho' climates vary, language, mode, and name,  
Man still is man, and nature is the same:  
If Persian friends are faithless when they smile,  
If Persian love be treachery and guile,  
How shalt thou know but every smile thou seest  
In other regions is as false at least?  
How shalt thou know the love that looks as fair  
But hides a bosom as deceitful there?  
If seeming virtue was but painted ill,  
Shall seeming virtue not be painted still?

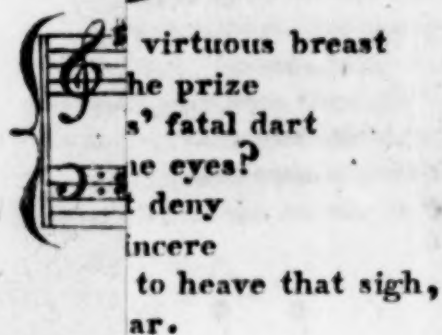
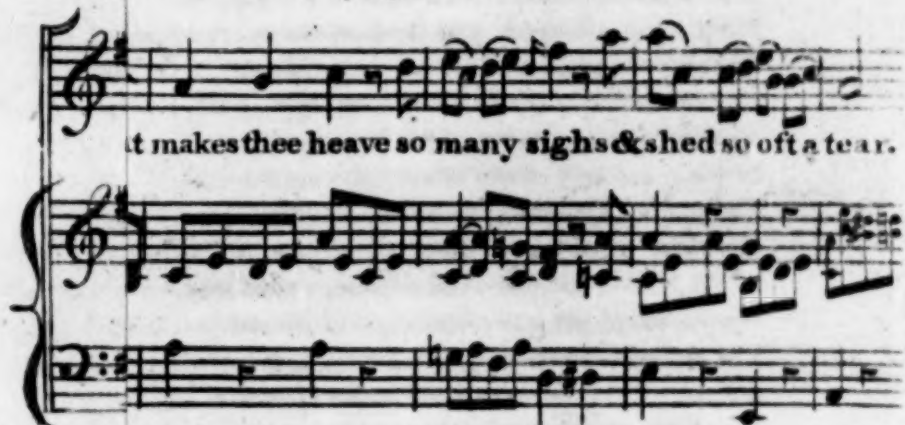
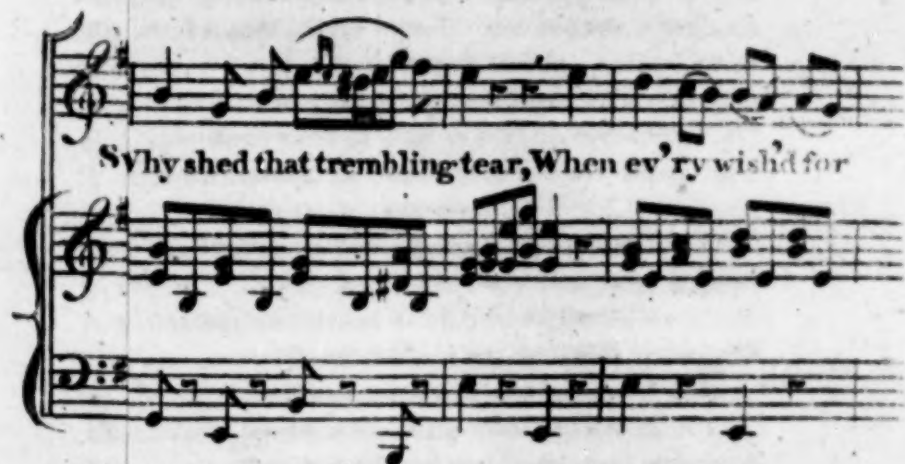


Alas! the fatal knowledge in thy breast,  
Convicting many, shall accuse the rest,  
And stern comparison shall thus supply  
The magic ruby to thy jealous eye,  
Suspicious gloom for ever haunt thy brow,  
And what was truth before be fancy now.  
Say, senseless mortal! has thy folly yet  
Confirm'd the promise of my parting threat?  
Riches are thine thou never shalt enjoy,  
A tedious life no effort can destroy—  
Go, murmurer, go—thy frantic wish deplore,  
And blame the righteous hand of heaven no more."

The vision spoke—and stealing from his sight,  
Melted away into the stilly night.  
Abdallah stood, as stands in breathless gloom  
The silent statue o'er a marble tomb;  
Cold on his heart the withering accents fell,  
And stagger'd nature like a witch's spell,  
A savage fierceness rush'd upon his brain,  
Fill'd every thought, and throbb'd in every vein,  
The softer feelings from his breast retir'd,  
Each lingering joy, and latest hope expir'd,  
And stern misanthropy with dark controul  
Clung close and closer round his rugged soul,  
Till sear'd in temper, desolate in mind,  
He curst himself, and curst all human kind.—  
" 'Tis true—'tis true—nor idly hast thou said,  
Prophetic phantom—messenger of dread!—  
Yet reason weeps—but whither shall I flee?  
All climes, all kindred are the same to me—  
Oh! that one blast of my opposing breath  
Could smite with pestilence, or scorch with death,  
Dissolve this earthly fabric into air,  
And burn to dust the hated millions there!  
Strike them, ye plagues of heaven! nor let me live  
To look on vices heaven can scarce forgive—  
I'll look no more—ye rocks and caverns wild,  
Where footstep never reach'd, nor culture smil'd,

# AT SIGH.

Tender



# SWEET GIRL WHY

The Words

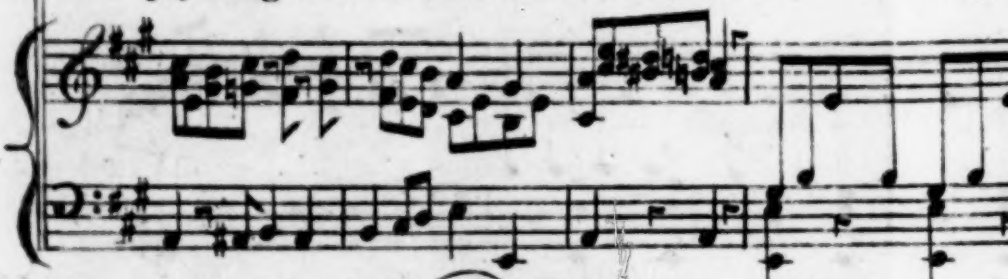
Tenderly.



Sweet Girl why dost thou heave that sigh, Why shed that trembling



joy is nigh that renders life most dear, Some sorrow'd thought





# WHY DOST THOU HEAVE THAT SIGH.

Words and Music by Charles Jones.

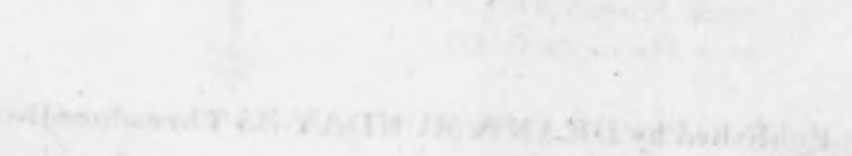
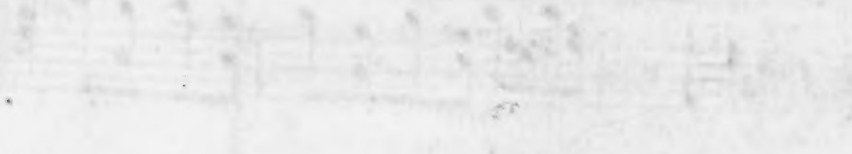
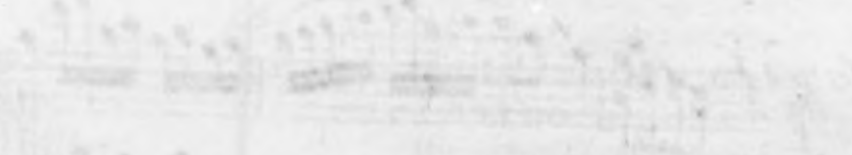
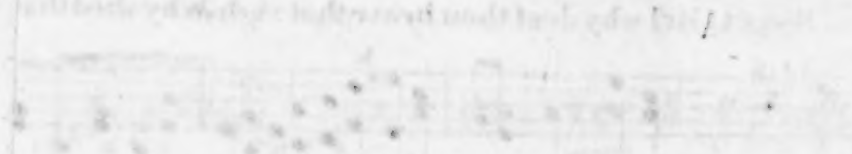
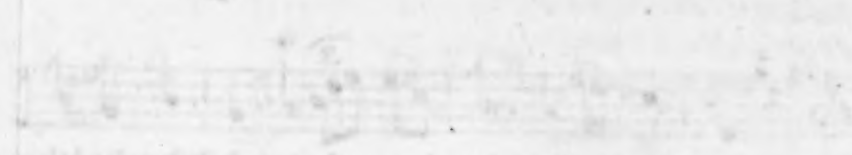
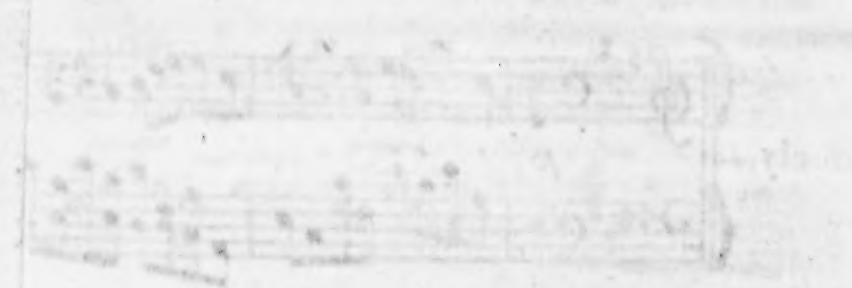


-2-

Has love besieg'd thy virtuous breast  
And has he gain'd the prize  
By pointing true loves' fatal dart  
While gazing on thine eyes?  
If so sweet Girl do not deny  
But tell me truth sincere  
Has love caused thee to heave that sigh,  
Or shed so oft a tear.

Street. . . . . Eng<sup>d</sup> by WILL<sup>m</sup> TILLEY 9 Hyde Street Bloomsbury

THE JOURNAL OF THE  
MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON  
PART I



Oct

VOL

Ye mountain forests, whose impervious shade  
 Nor human form, nor human sounds invade,  
 Your loneliest horrors o'er my dwelling hurl'd  
 Shall screen these limbs, and hide me from the world—  
 There was a time—'tis gone—the chain is rent—  
 And welcome now eternal banishment!"

He ceas'd—and far from the abodes of man  
 To trackless woods and gloomy deserts ran,  
 And there deep buried pin'd himself away  
 In cheerless solitude and slow decay.

---

SONNET.—TO MARIANNE.

THERE is a loveliness in thy dark eye,  
 And a soft languor breathing on thy cheek,  
 With something in thy tone that is so meek,  
 I could for ever love thee :—let me fly  
 On pinions prun'd for heaven! with power to try  
 In blissful realms, where kindred spirits speak  
 Of everlasting truth, and purity,  
 Whether the unseen principle is weak  
 That has perchance awoke our sympathies;  
 Then, if it is not virtuous, I will part,  
 Tho' sorrowing, from thee; and those witching eyes,  
 That have flung silver chains around my heart,  
 Ne'er look into again.—Yet, oh! 'tis pure,  
 Else why would it so long, so faithfully endure!

October 5th, 1817.

LORENZO.

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SONNET.

ON A LATE MELANCHOLY EVENT.

COME, let us steep in tears of bitterness  
 Our bleeding hearts—no tale of fancied woe  
 Commands the agonizing drops to flow—  
 It is the very depth of deep distress.  
 Hush'd be the voice of joy—let no caress  
 Light on the lip, or bid the bosom glow :  
 Too soon, alas! we wear the funeral dress,  
 And mourn her parted spirit here below.

VOL VI.—S. I.

h h

Where, where is Britain's hope?—I ask me where?—  
 Cold charnel echoes the sad sound repeat :  
 But see! yon flower, fairest among the sweet,  
 With its young beauteous bud, the summer's care,  
 Torn by the wintry blast, hangs down its head—  
 E'en like that faded flower Britannia's hope has fled!

November 6th, 1817.

LORENZO.

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LINES,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd — *Milton's 23d Sonnet.*

“ HENCEFORTH repose in silence, thou soft lyre”—  
 No more I woo thine aid, no more inspire  
 Thy breathing strings with joy, with love, or mirth,  
 Since she, the expectation of the earth,  
 England's sweet flower, is wither'd—in the bloom  
 Of virtue, sunk untimely to the tomb!  
 What heart but feels the agonizing throe  
 For beauty blighted thus, and hopes laid low?  
 What eye but sheds the softly tender tear  
 For sainted goodness, and such short career?  
 Unerring Wisdom claim'd her gentle breath,  
 And whispering angels triumph'd in her death,  
 Snatch'd from the cares that o'er the future frown,  
 And for an earthly, gave a heav'nly crown!

7th November, 1817.

HATT.

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STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY A LATE MELANCHOLY EVENT.

By MR. J. M. LACEY.

OF happiness and hope bereft,  
 Who can conceive the bitter moan  
 Of one, in *such a moment*, left  
 Despairing—desolate—*alone!*



How England mourns th' illustrious dead,  
Has well been shewn by many a tear;  
But LEOPOLD! *his heart has bled,*  
*Still bleeds—with anguish more severe!*

What shall console him?—not the thought  
Of honour, greatness, glory, now;  
Too well his soul with love was fraught,  
Too well he kept his marriage vow.

Heav'n be his solace! time his balm!  
These may preserve his valued life;  
May yet restore a holy calm,  
To sooth his bosom's frenzied strife.

Whate'er his fortunes or his fate,  
Britain will ever love his fame;  
Will ever deem him good as great,  
And consecrate her Cobourg's name!

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### SOLUTION

TO THE CHARADES IN LAST NUMBER,

'Tis said—and nothing do I doubt,  
But those who said could make it out,  
That sages, heroes, aye, and kings,  
Will sometimes stoop to little things,  
Nor differ so from other men  
But they can trifle now and then,  
And laugh an idle hour away  
In baby sport, and childish play.  
Besides our joys at best are few,  
And Sterne himself, who thought so too,  
Declar'd he lov'd that happy man  
Who's always merry when he can,  
Whose heart is pleas'd with—by the bye,  
He thinks not how, and cares not why!  
'Tis thus with me—a friend to pleasure,  
No matter what, if I'm a leisure,

Gossip, or chess, backgammon, cards,  
 Riddles, conundrums, or—*charades*.  
 Now two of these your last Museum  
 Contain'd, and I was glad to see 'em,  
 Tho' sure I am they plagued me more  
 Than many such have done before :  
 Yet, in the end, they made me smile,  
 (Ladies and gents excuse the while)  
 For each, tho' each alike perplexes,  
 Is so contrasted in the sexes!  
 The *first* is e'en like beauty, *common*  
 To fickle, wav'ring, lovely woman ;  
 The *second*, in as great degree,  
 Degenerate Man! is *rare* with thee.  
 CAPRICE, alas! belongs to one,  
 As light and shadow to the sun ;  
 But search the nations thro' and thro'  
 For Christian, Pagan, Turk, or Jew,  
 An *honest* PATRIOT to the cause  
 Of country, liberty, and laws,  
 And what so seldom shall ye find  
 In all the mass of human kind !

\*

### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wishing to do every justice to the praiseworthy feelings of our Correspondents, we have, in the present Number, departed from our usual practice, and inserted several pieces on the same subject. Little apology, however, we conceive will be necessary, when the nature of that subject is considered.

We were much pleased at hearing again from our old acquaintance, Mr. Joseph Hawkins, and his future Correspondence is respectfully solicited. Mr. Feist will also oblige us by the continuance of his favours.

The Enigma, said to be written by Lord Byron, shall appear in our next.

Henriens must excuse our not inserting his "Reverie;" the poetry is not sufficiently correct.

M. A. S. and others, are received.

"A Subscriber" is informed, that marriages do not come within the notice of our work.

### ERRATUM.

In the Mirror of Fashion for last Month, page 288, for *Swantine* read *Levantine*.



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